

FAR FROM ODYSSEY...

\*WHISTLES\*

IT'S REALLY  
COMING DOWN,  
ISN'T IT!





I'M GLAD THIS  
WEATHER HELD OFF  
WHILE WE WERE AT  
CEDAR POINT.

AYE,  
2 FULL DAYS  
OF SUNSHINE.

COULDN'T  
HAVE RIDDEN  
ANY OF THE  
ROLLERCOASTERS  
IN A STORM.

THANKS  
AGAIN FOR  
TAKING US,  
WHIT.

IT'S THE LEAST  
I COULD DO FOR  
MY FAVORITE  
EMPLOYEES!

WE'RE  
YOUR **ONLY**  
EMPLOYEES.





UH OH!

*THAT DOESN'T  
SOUND GOOD!*

**POP!**

**SPUTTER!**

**STEEEEEEAM...**



115000075



I'D BETTER  
TURN OFF  
HERE...



A FEW MILES OF DESERTED  
BACK ROADS LATER...



SPOOKY...

HMMM...  
NO SERVICE.

DO ANY  
OF YOU HAVE  
RECEPTION?

NOPE.

WELL, I DON'T  
HAVE ANY TOOLS  
WITH ME, AND WE  
CAN'T SIT HERE  
ALL NIGHT.

THEY SHOULD  
HAVE A PHONE  
INSIDE...





UM... MR.  
WHITTAKER,

THIS PLACE  
IS **KINDA** GIVIN' ME  
THE CREEPS.

IT'S...

JUST THE  
WEATHER.

MAKES  
EVERYTHING  
SEEM SCARIER  
THAN IT IS.

WELL YOU  
ALL CAN WAIT  
**HERE** FOR ME  
IF YOU WANT.

**THUNDER!!!**



UGH.

TWENTY FEET  
FROM THE CAR TO  
THE PORCH AND  
I'M SOAKED!

SAME.

I'M TELLING  
YOU GUYS, I'VE  
SEEN A BUNCH OF  
SCARY MOVIES  
THAT START OUT  
**JUST** LIKE THIS.

SO SORRY,  
WE DON'T **HAVE**  
MOVIES HERE...



--OR  
**TELEVISIONS**  
FOR THAT  
MATTER.

IT'S AN OLD  
HOTEL, BUT I  
**ASSURE** YOU WE  
HAVE EVERY OTHER  
CONSIDERATION  
FOR YOUR  
COMFORT...





**CREEPY  
BUTLER!**

THIS IS  
A MOVIE!

HE'S THE  
**CONCIERGE,**  
JULES. BUT...

BUT AYE...

I'VE SEEN MORE  
PLEASANT SMILES  
ON **SKELETONS...**

HELLO.  
I WONDER IF WE  
COULD USE YOUR  
PHONE. OUR CAR'S  
BROKEN DOWN AND  
WE DON'T HAVE  
CELL RECEPTION.

BUT OF  
COURSE. THE  
TELEPHONE IS  
RIGHT THIS  
WAY...



**\*SIGH\***

I'M SORRY, GIRLS.  
THEY CAN'T SEND  
SOMEONE OUT UNTIL  
THE MORNING  
BECAUSE OF THE  
STORM.

LOOKS LIKE  
WE'LL NEED TO  
STAY THE  
NIGHT.

**SPLENDID.**

I CAN CHECK  
YOU IN RIGHT  
OVER HERE.

YEAH...

SPLENDID...



RIGHT  
THIS WAY.

I'VE SET YOU  
UP IN TWO OF  
OUR FINEST  
ROOMS.

IT'S BEEN  
QUITE A WHILE  
SINCE WE'VE  
HAD GUESTS.

BUT WE  
KEEP THE  
ROOMS FRESH  
AND CLEAN.

YOU KNOW...

JUST IN CASE...






THANK YOU  
AGAIN FOR YOUR  
HOSPITALITY.

YEAH, UH,  
THANKS.

MY **ABSOLUTE**  
PLEASURE.

WE HOPE YOU HAVE A  
PLEASANT NIGHT'S  
**SLUMBER.**





DO YOU SERIOUSLY  
THINK WE'LL BE ABLE  
TO GET ANY **SLEEP**  
IN THIS PLACE?

THAT  
REMAINS  
TO BE  
SEEN.

COME ON  
GUYS, IT'S JUST  
AN OLD HOTEL.

WE'LL BE  
TOTALLY...

FINE...

WHAT IS IT?

WELL, *THAT'S*  
A WEIRD CHOICE  
FOR WALL ART.

"BANK ROBBING DUO  
TERRORIZES AREA. YOUNG  
WOMAN DISAPPEARS AFTER  
BEING TAKEN HOSTAGE IN  
ROBBERY GONE WRONG."

WHY WOULD  
THEY FRAME AN  
ARTICLE ABOUT A  
BANK ROBBERY?

THIS IS A LOCAL  
PAPER. IT MUST'VE  
HAPPENED AROUND  
HERE.

IS IT JUST ME OR DOES THE MUGSHOT OF THAT  
BANK ROBBER LOOK LIKE A YOUNG VERSION OF...



YOU THINK THE  
**CONCIERGE** IS  
THE BANK  
ROBBER?

**SEE!**  
YOU KNEW  
WHAT I WAS  
GONNA SAY! YOU  
THINK SO  
TOO!

I **DIDN'T**  
SAY THAT!





BUT LOOK AT THE  
PHOTO OF THE GIRL  
WHO WENT MISSING...

WHAT  
ABOUT IT?

SHE LOOKS  
**JUST** LIKE  
THE GIRL IN A  
PAINTING I  
SAW DOWN  
THE HALL...



OKAY, I'VE GOT  
GOOSEBUMPS  
THE SIZE OF  
**MARBLES.**

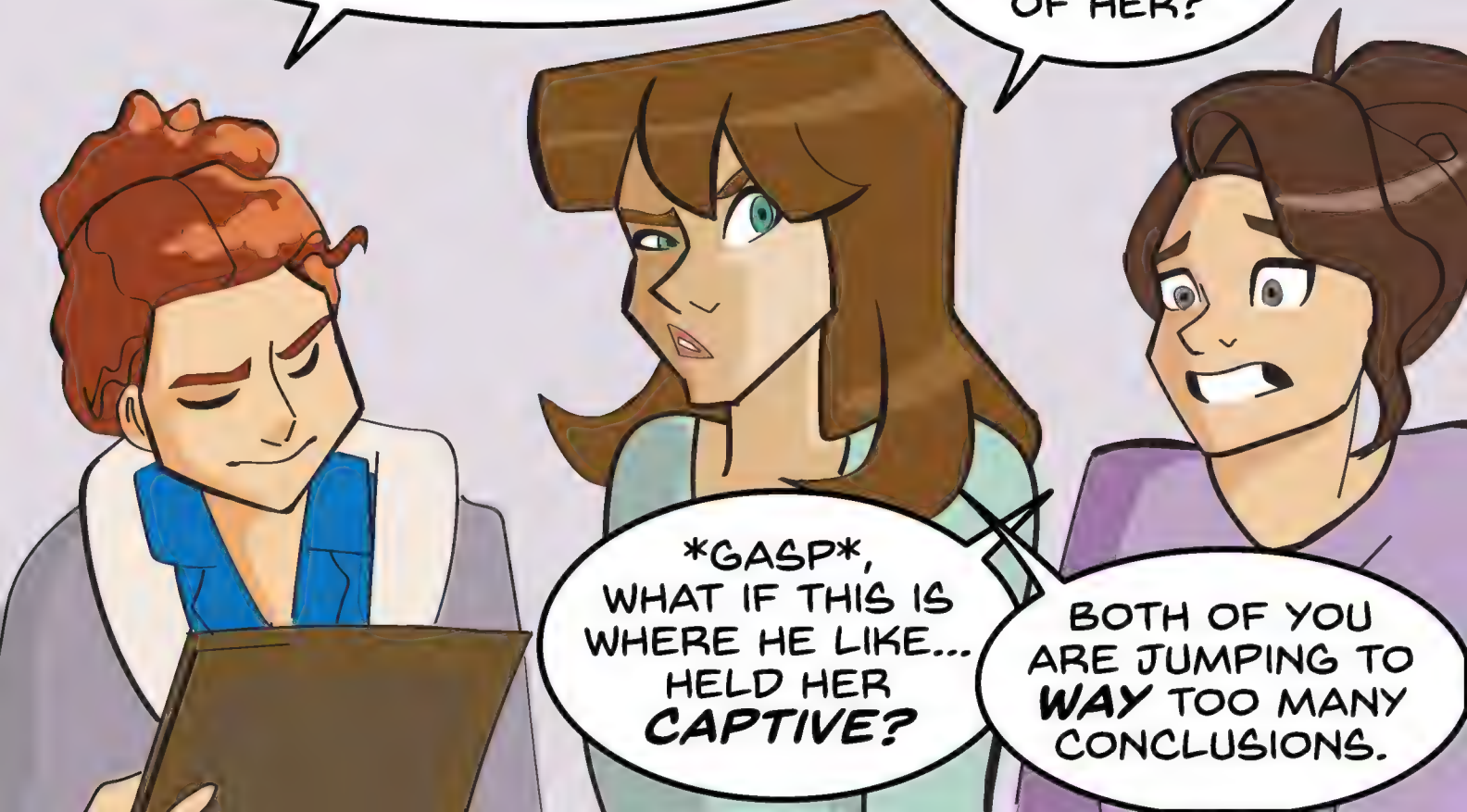
SO YOU  
THINK THE CONCIERGE  
**DOWNSTAIRS** IS A  
FORMER BANK ROBBER  
WHO MADE THE GIRL IN  
THE **PAINTING**  
DISAPPEAR?

HE KEPT THIS NEWSPAPER FOR  
A REASON, AND THAT PAINTING  
IS THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OF THE  
GIRL FROM THE ARTICLE.

WHY WOULD  
HE HAVE A  
**PAINTING**  
OF HER?

**\*GASP\*,**  
WHAT IF THIS IS  
WHERE HE LIKE...  
HELD HER  
**CAPTIVE?**

BOTH OF YOU  
ARE JUMPING TO  
**WAY** TOO MANY  
CONCLUSIONS.



CREAK





AND THAT'S  
WHEN WE CAME  
OVER HERE!

HMM...  
I'LL ADMIT, THERE *IS* A  
SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE  
GIRL IN THE ARTICLE AND  
THE GIRL IN THE PAINTING.

NOT TO MENTION THAT  
ARTICLE WAS FRAMED--  
LIKE IT HAD SPECIAL  
SIGNIFICANCE.

SO WE NEED  
TO GET **OUT** OF  
HERE, RIGHT!?

NOT UNLESS YOU  
WANT TO **WALK**  
BACK TO ODYSSEY  
IN THIS STORM.

BUT--

IF IT BOTHERS YOU,  
WHY DON'T WE JUST  
GO DOWNSTAIRS AND  
ASK THE CONCIERGE  
ABOUT IT.

HE SEEMED VERY EXCITED  
TO TALK TO GUESTS.

HE  
CREEPS  
ME OUT!

**I'M** NOT  
GOING DOWN  
THERE.

WHEN I  
SPOKE WITH  
HIM, I  
DIDN'T  
SENSE  
ANYTHING  
MENACING.

WHIT'S RIGHT,  
YOU GUYS...  
IT'S **JUST** A  
NEWSPAPER  
CLIPPING.

LET'S JUST GIVE THE  
CONCIERGE THE BENEFIT OF  
THE DOUBT. WE CAN ASK HIM  
ABOUT IT IN THE MORNING  
WHEN THE SUN'S UP.



TRY AND  
GET SOME  
SLEEP.

GO AHEAD AND  
DEADBOLT YOUR DOOR.  
I'M RIGHT ACROSS THE  
HALL IF YOU NEED ME.

THANKS  
WHIT.

THANK YOU,  
MR. WHITTAKER.  
GOODNIGHT.

NIGHT.



WELL, I'M  
LOCKING IT, **AND**  
BARRICADING IT.

FINE  
WITH ME.

THE  
CONCIERGE  
SEEMS  
PRETTY  
FRAIL.

EVEN IF HE **WAS** A  
BANK ROBBER YEARS  
AGO, HE WOULDN'T BE  
ABLE TO BREAK DOWN  
A DOOR **NOW**.

IT'S THE  
**KIDNAPPING**  
PART THAT  
WORRIES ME.

I  
AGREE.



CLOSER TO BEDTIME





BEDTIME



MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

WE HOPE YOU  
NEVER WANT TO  
LEAVE



MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

WE HOPE YOU  
NEVER WANT TO  
LEAVE





# WHAT IS IT!?

DID EITHER  
OF YOU WRITE  
SOMETHING ON  
THE BATHROOM  
MIRROR?!

WHAT!?

WHY WOULD  
ANYONE DO  
THAT?

AND **WHERE**  
DID THIS PLATE  
OF COOKIES  
COME FROM!?

THIS WASN'T  
HERE BEFORE!





IT LOOKS LIKE THIS IS JUST DRY-ERASE MARKER. THE HUMIDITY IN THE BATHROOM PROBABLY MADE IT DRIP.

GREAT!  
I FEEL **SO**  
MUCH BETTER!

SURE, SOMEONE **SNUCK** INTO OUR ROOM THROUGH A **BARRICADED DOOR** WHILE WE **SLEPT--**

--BUT AT **LEAST** THEY WERE ONLY WIELDING A DRY-ERASE MARKER!

**KNOCK  
KNOCK**

**AH!!!**

CONNIE?  
IT'S WHIT!

I HEARD  
SCREAMS, ARE YOU  
THREE ALRIGHT IN  
THERE?



IT LOOKS LIKE  
SOMETHING STRANGE  
**IS** GOING ON HERE.

I HAVE THE  
SAME THINGS  
IN **MY** ROOM.

THIS IS BEYOND  
**STRANGE**,  
MR. WHITTAKER--  
THIS IS STRAIGHT  
UP EVIL HAUNTED  
HOUSE STUFF.

I DON'T THINK  
THE FORCES OF  
EVIL ARE IN THE  
HABIT OF LEAVING  
**COOKIES**  
BEHIND.





THAT STILL  
DOESN'T EXPLAIN  
HOW THE COOKIES  
**GOT** THERE!

NO...  
IT DOESN'T.

I BARRICADED  
THE DOOR! THERE'S  
NO **WAY** ANYONE  
COULD'VE GOTTEN IN!

AGAIN...  
I THINK THERE'S  
ONLY THE **ONE**  
EMPLOYEE...

YOU MEAN THE  
FORMER **BANK**  
**ROBBER?**

YOU  
DON'T  
**KNOW**  
THAT.

WAS THE  
BARRICADE STILL  
IN THE **SAME**  
SPOT WHEN YOU  
LET WHIT IN?

ARE YOU SUGGESTING HE  
**MOVED** THE BARRICADE FROM  
OUTSIDE, WITHOUT US HEARING?

AND WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
DEADBOLT?

AYE,  
I WOULDN'T  
THINK A MAN  
**HIS AGE** COULD  
FORCE OPEN A  
DEADBOLTED  
DOOR.

**\*AHEM\***

...THOUGH I WOULDN'T  
WANT TO **ASSUME**.

THERE'S  
A **SIMPLE**  
SOLUTION  
TO ALL THIS  
**GUESSING**.

WHAT'S  
THAT?

LIKE I SAID  
BEFORE,

WE GO  
DOWNSTAIRS  
RIGHT NOW,  
AND **ASK** HIM  
ABOUT IT.





THERE'S  
NO ONE  
HERE...

TYPICALLY A  
CONCIERGE STAYS UP  
ALL NIGHT AND  
MANS THE DESK...

HMMM,  
WELL IF IT *IS*  
JUST HIM  
RUNNING THE  
ESTABLISHMENT,  
HE MAY HAVE  
GONE TO  
SLEEP.

WE **FRAIL**  
**OLD MEN**  
NEED OUR  
**REST**, YOU  
KNOW.

SORRY...

ALRIGHT GIRLS, I CAN'T EXPLAIN THE COOKIES OR WRITING IN OUR ROOMS, BUT IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND WE HAVE NOWHERE TO GO. LET'S ALL HEAD BACK UPSTAIRS.

BUT--

I'LL BE **MORE** THAN HAPPY TO LEAVE MY DOOR OPEN AND KEEP WATCH IF YOU LIKE.

THAT'S OKAY, MR. WHITTAKER. WE'LL BE ALRIGHT.

WE WILL!?

WE WILL.



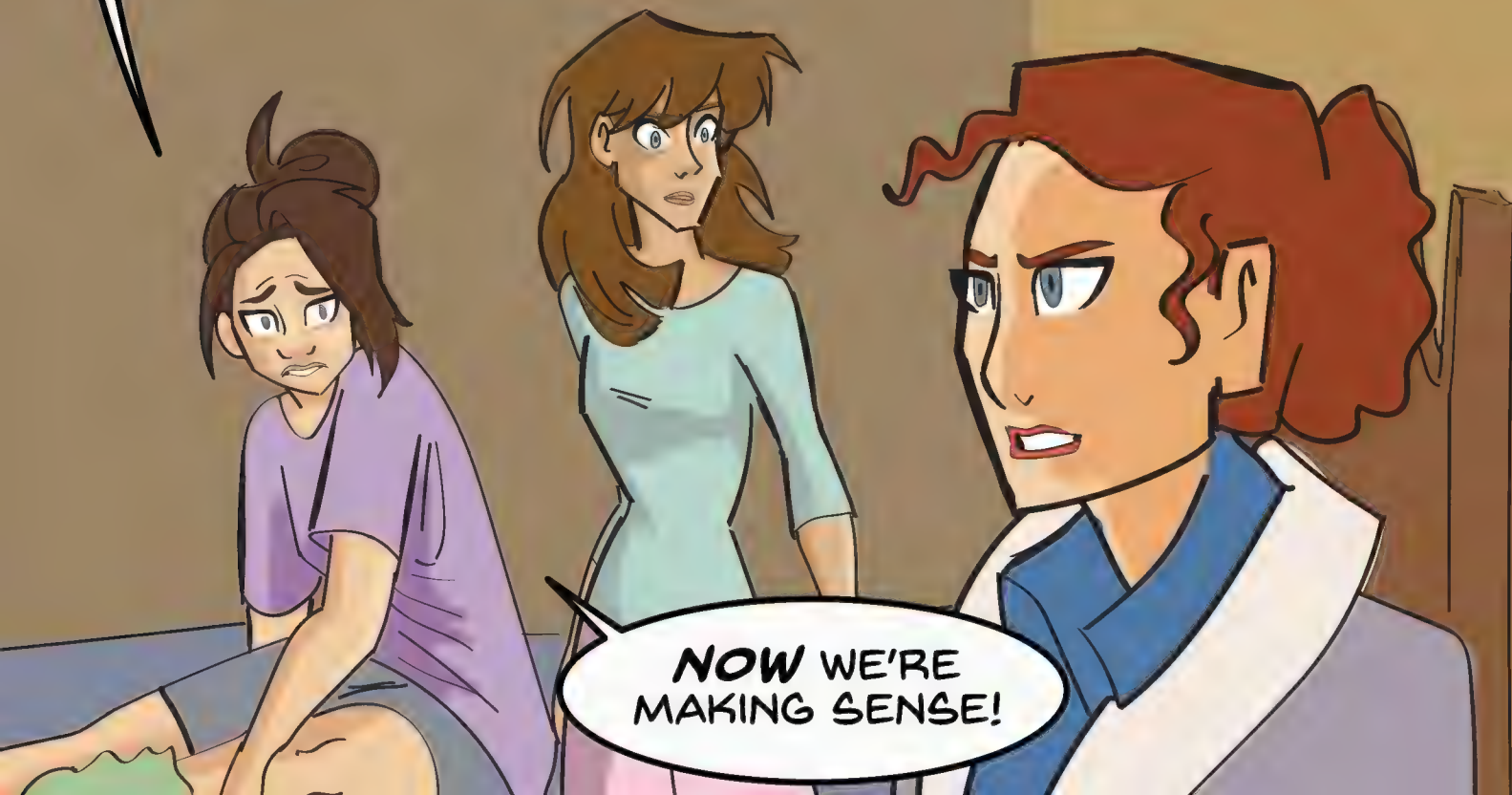
I AM  
**WAY** TOO  
CREEPED  
OUT TO GO  
TO SLEEP!

THIS IS JUST LIKE  
"SLEEPLESS NIGHT IV."  
WE'RE GONNA WAKE UP  
WITH NO BIG TOES.

I'M NOT  
EVEN  
**PLANNING**  
TO SLEEP.

YOU'RE  
STAYING UP?  
I THOUGHT  
YOU SAID  
WE'D BE  
FINE.

WE **WILL** BE,  
BECAUSE I'M GOING  
TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S  
GOING ON.



**NOW** WE'RE  
MAKING SENSE!

I **REALLY**  
THINK WE SHOULD  
STAY IN OUR ROOM.  
TOGETHER. ALL  
**THREE** OF US.

IF YOU  
DON'T WANT  
TO BE ALONE,  
CONNIE, JUST  
COME WITH  
US.

WHAT  
DO YOU GUYS  
THINK YOU'RE  
GOING TO **FIND**  
ANYWAY?

AN  
**EXPLANATION.**

YEAH! OF EXACTLY  
**HOW** AND **WHY** THE GHOST OF THAT  
HOSTAGE GIRL IS BACK FOR REVENGE  
ON HER BANK-ROBBING KIDNAPPER.

A  
**GHOST**, JULES?  
REALLY?

DO YOU  
HAVE A **BETTER**  
EXPLANATION?

I SAY  
WE GO **FIND**  
THAT BETTER  
EXPLANATION.



BACK IN THE LOBBY

OKAY, LET'S  
SEE WHAT THIS  
GUY'S UP TO!

JULES!  
GET **OUT**  
FROM BEHIND  
THE COUNTER!

AYE,  
WE CAN FIND AN  
ANSWER **WITHOUT**  
BREAKING THE LAW.

**WHAT**  
LAW?

THERE'S NO SIGN SAYING NOT TO  
COME BACK HERE, AND I'M NOT  
OPENING THE CASH REGISTER.

THERE MIGHT  
BE CONFIDENTIAL  
DOCUMENTS OR  
SOMETHING  
BACK THERE.

GUYS,  
CHECK IT  
OUT!

THE OL' SAFE  
BEHIND A PAINTING  
TRICK.

CLASSIC.

WHIT'S GOT  
ONE OF THESE IN  
HIS OFFICE.

IF I WAS HIDING SOMETHING  
VALUABLE, *LIKE EVIDENCE OF  
MY CRIMES*, I'D PUT IT IN HERE.

WELL I'M PRETTY SURE  
BREAKING INTO A SAFE  
IS, *IN FACT*, ILLEGAL. SO  
I'LL SAY IT AGAIN,

**GET OUT  
FROM BEHIND  
THE COUNTER!**





AH, BUT IS IT  
"BREAKING IN" IF  
IT'S ALREADY  
**OPEN?**

IT'S NOT  
**YOUR**  
SAFE!

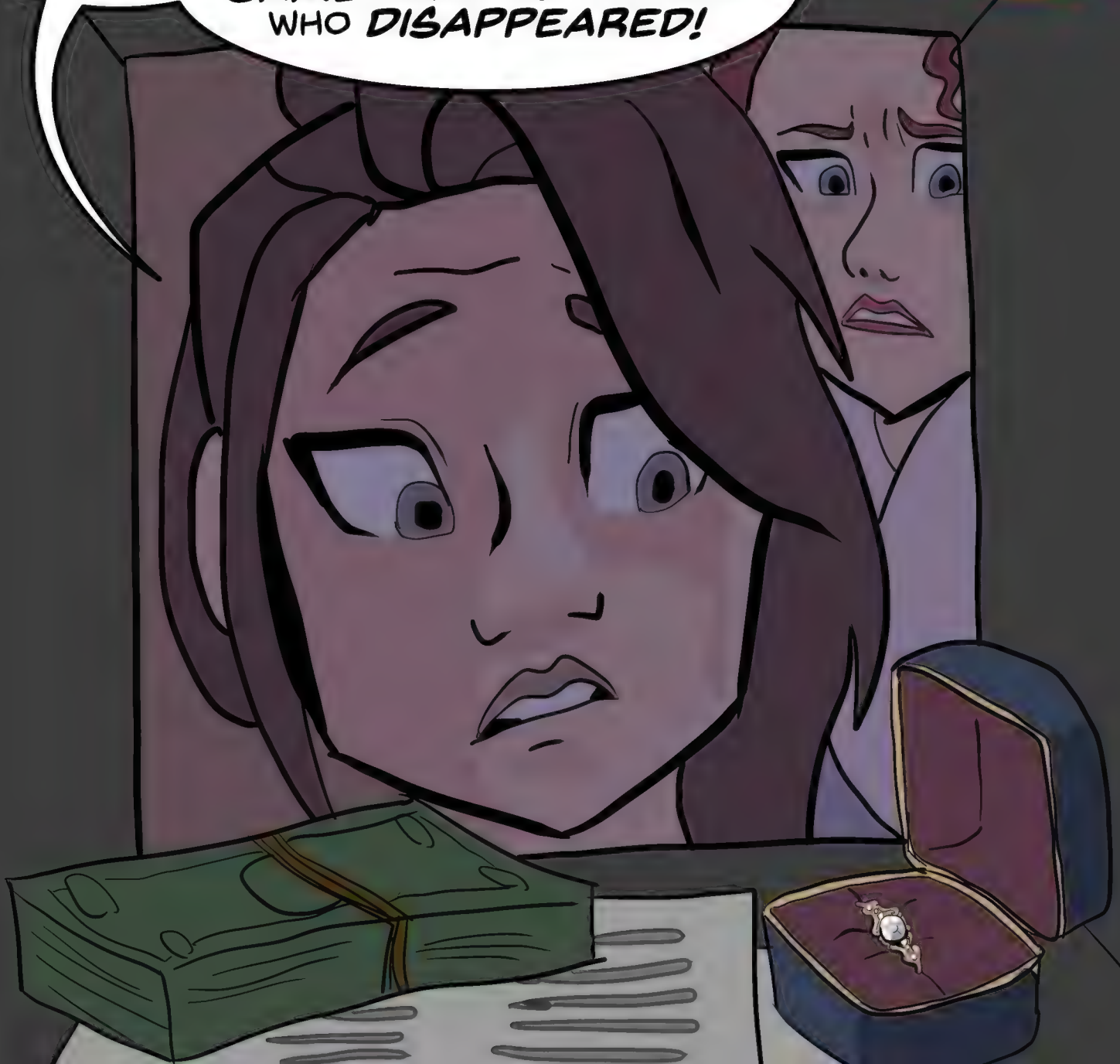
I'M NOT  
**TAKING** ANYTHING,  
I'M JUST  
**LOOKING!**

**JULES,**  
GET AWAY FROM  
THAT SAFE RIGHT--

**OPEN!**

IS THAT A  
RING?

IT'S--  
ENGRAVED WITH THE  
**SAME** NAME AS THE GIRL  
WHO **DISAPPEARED!**







OKAY...  
THAT'S A  
LITTLE...

**FREAKY**  
IS WHAT IT IS!

YEAH I ADMIT  
IT, THAT'S THE  
RIGHT WORD.

YES, YES, YES.  
I THINK IT'S TIME  
TO GO.

WE NEED TO WAKE UP MR. WHITTAKER AND CALL THE COPS!

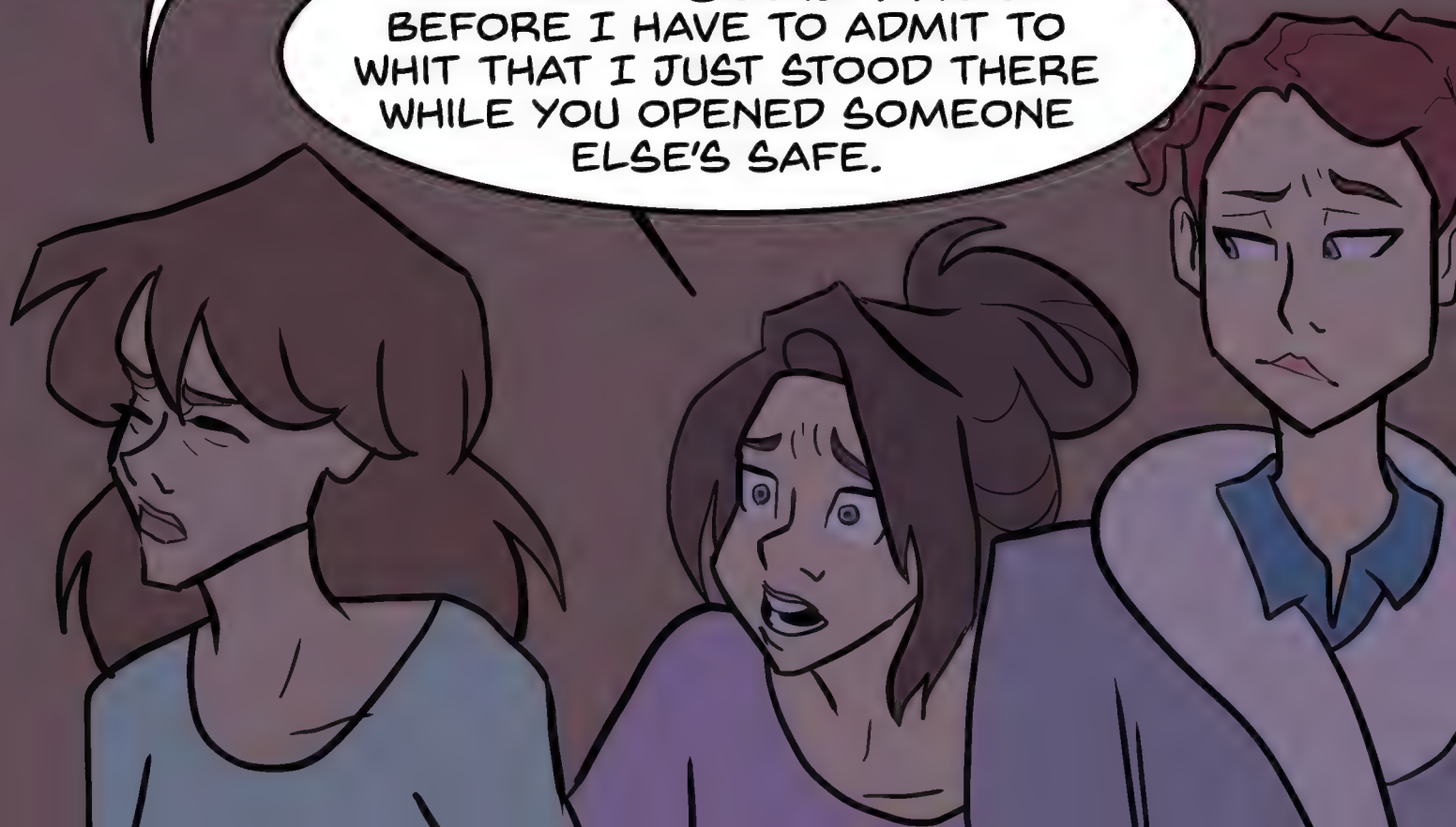
THE CONCIERGE *IS* A BANK ROBBER AND HOSTAGE TAKER!

WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO TROUBLE THE POLICE *OR* WHIT.

WHAT!?

RENEE'S RIGHT. EVERYTHING WE FOUND *IS* STRANGE, BUT NONE OF IT PROVES ANYTHING.

AND I WANT **SOLID PROOF** BEFORE I HAVE TO ADMIT TO WHIT THAT I JUST STOOD THERE WHILE YOU OPENED SOMEONE ELSE'S SAFE.





**CREAK**



IT'S THAT  
SAME NOISE  
AGAIN!

IT CAME  
FROM OVER  
THERE!

DIDN'T IT  
SOUND LIKE IT WAS  
COMING FROM THIS  
WALL?

YEAH, FROM  
**INSIDE** IT!

OKAY,  
THAT'S ENOUGH,  
LET'S HEAD  
BACK--

LOOK,  
A LOOSE  
PANEL!



A **DARK**  
ONE...

WHIT HAS  
ONE OF **THESE**  
TOO...

A SECRET  
PASSAGE!

WE'RE  
GOING IN.

IT LOOKS LIKE  
THERE'S A DOOR  
UP AHEAD.





IT'S OUR  
**ROOM!**



SO SOMEONE  
**DID** SNEAK INTO  
OUR ROOM!

RIGHT. **SOMEONE.**  
**NOT** A GHOST.

THAT IS  
**NOT** OKAY!





BUT WHY WOULD  
SOMEONE SNEAK  
INTO OUR ROOM TO  
LEAVE COOKIES?

IS THIS THAT  
CONCIERGE'S  
WEIRD IDEA OF  
HOSPITALITY?!

THERE'S NO WAY SOMEONE IN THEIR RIGHT  
MIND WOULD THINK IT'S OKAY TO SNEAK INTO  
A GUEST'S ROOM WHILE THEY SLEPT!

PERHAPS HE'S **NOT**  
IN HIS RIGHT MIND?

AND NONE OF THIS EXPLAINS  
THE NEWSPAPER, THE PAINTING, OR  
THE RING, WHICH ALL POINT TO THAT  
GIRL FROM THE BANK ROBBERY  
HOSTAGE THING!

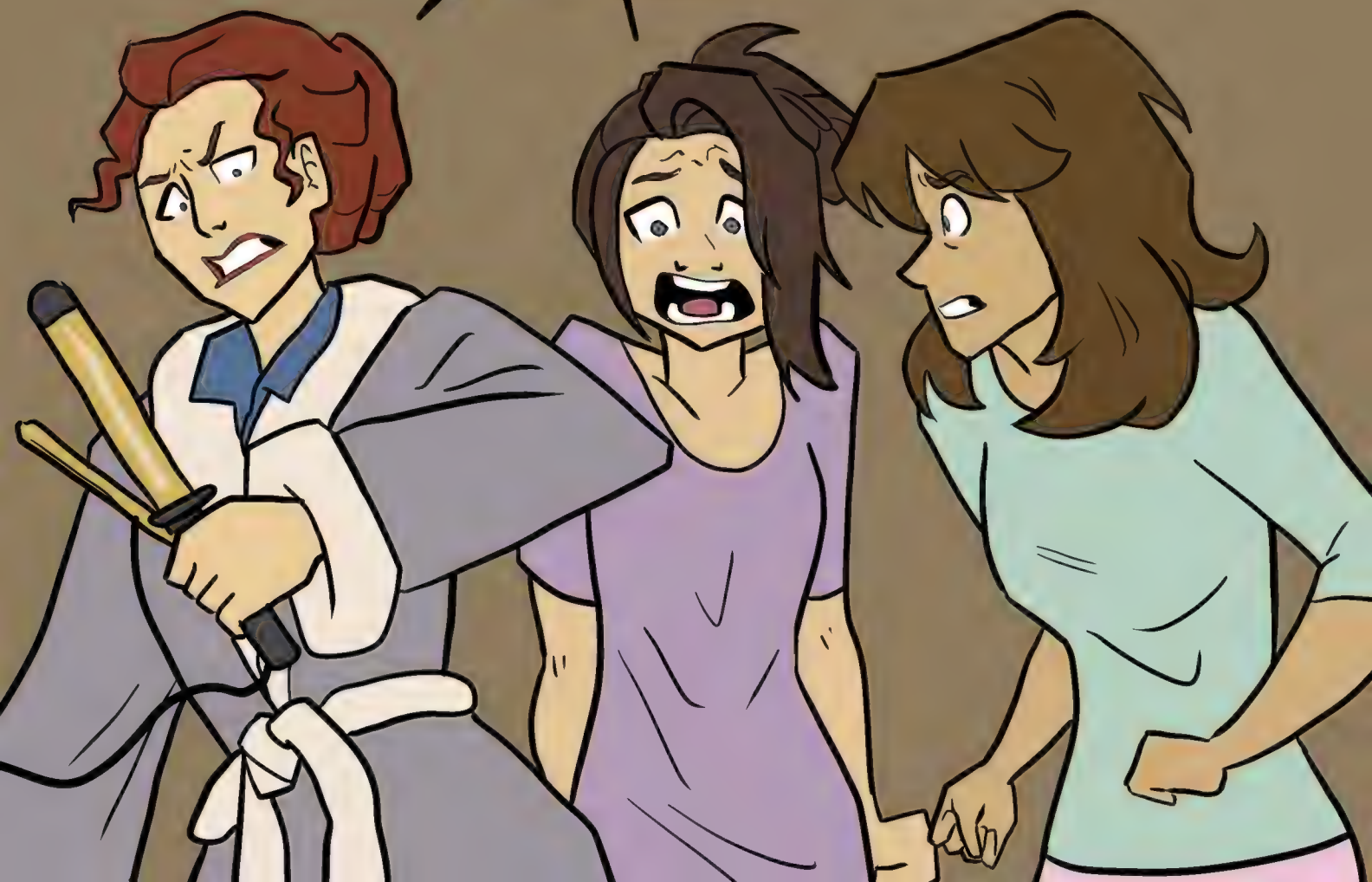


**CREAK**

**AAAH!**

IT'S THAT  
NOISE AGAIN!

BUT THIS TIME  
WE KNOW WHERE  
IT'S COMIN' FROM!  
COME ON!





KEEP GOING!

THERE'S  
SOMETHIN'  
MOVIN' UP  
AHEAD!

THERE'S  
DEFINITELY  
**SOMETHING**  
RUNNING FROM  
US!



A DEAD END!

COULD  
WE **NOT** USE  
THE "D" WORD?

ALRIGHT  
WHOEVER YOU  
ARE, THERE'S  
NOWHERE ELSE  
TO RUN.

I HAVE  
A CURLING  
IRON AND  
I'M NOT  
AFRAID TO  
USE IT!

YOU BETTER HAVE  
A GOOD EXPLANATION FOR  
SNEAKING AROUND IN THE--





--WALLS?

IT'S--  
IT'S A LITTLE  
GIRL!



ALRIGHT, LITTLE  
LASSIE, JUST WHAT  
ARE YOU UP TO  
BACK HERE?

YEAH, ARE  
YOU THE ONE  
WHO WENT IN  
OUR ROOM?

I--- I---

**GUYS,**  
YOU'RE  
SCARING  
HER.

WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME?

HER NAME  
IS **TIA**...





SHE'S MY  
GRANDDAUGHTER.

GRANDDAUGHTER?

WHAT  
EXACTLY IS  
GOING ON  
HERE?

OKAY, SO **WHY** WAS YOUR GRANDDAUGHTER SNEAKING AROUND IN THE WALLS?

**WHY** DO YOU HAVE CLIPPINGS ABOUT A BANK ROBBERY--

AND PICTURES OF THAT **SAME** HOSTAGE HUNG ON THE WALLS--

AND HER **RING** IN YOUR SAFE?

AHEM.  
IN HIS **SAFE**?

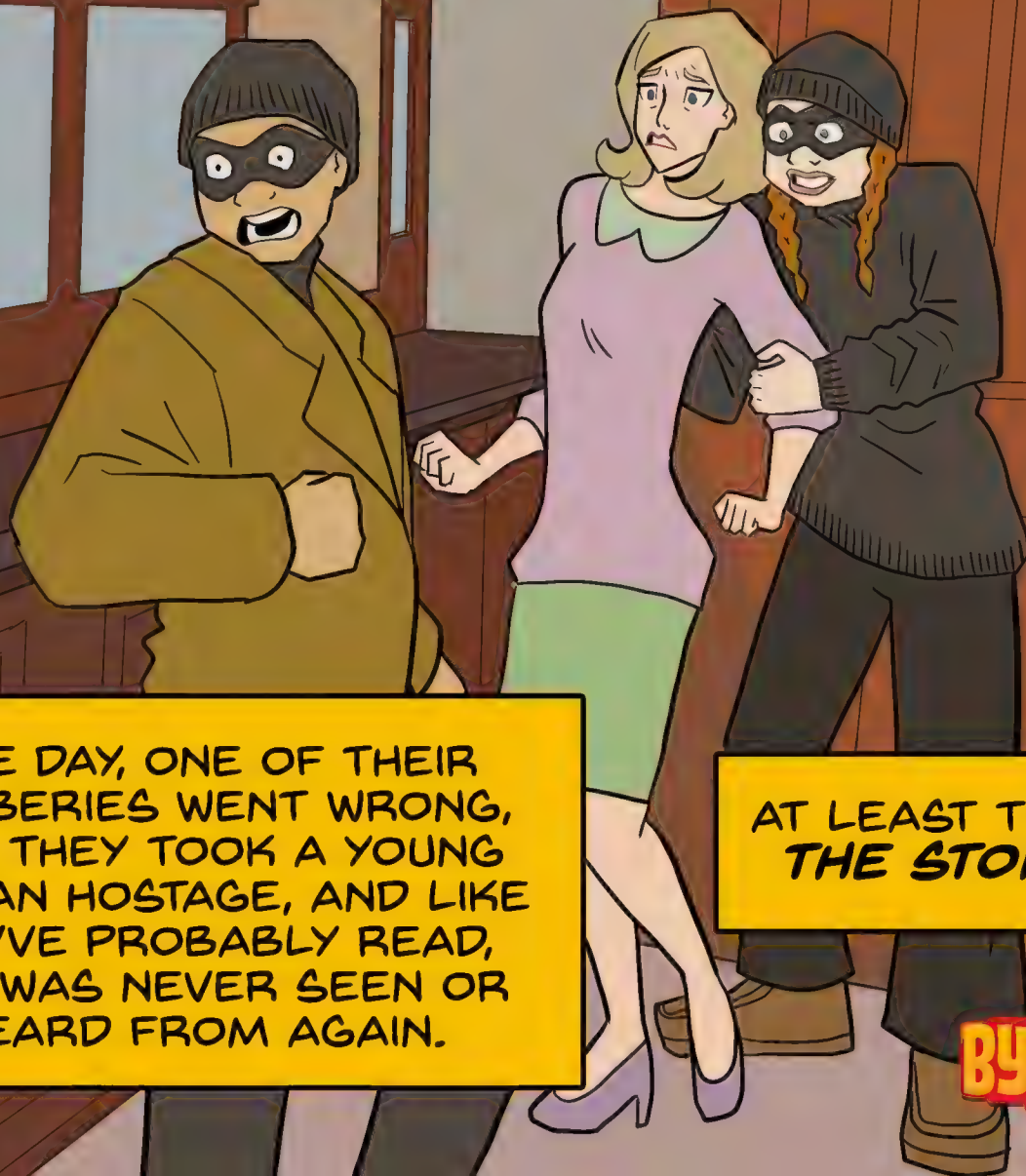
AND YOU GOT INTO IT... **HOW**?

HEH HEH...  
I CAN  
EXPLAIN...

FIRST,  
WHY DON'T **I**  
EXPLAIN...



WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN, TWO BANK  
ROBBERS TERRORIZED THE AREA. THEY WERE  
LIKE OUR OWN LOCAL BONNIE AND CLYDE.



ONE DAY, ONE OF THEIR  
ROBBERIES WENT WRONG,  
AND THEY TOOK A YOUNG  
WOMAN HOSTAGE, AND LIKE  
YOU'VE PROBABLY READ,  
SHE WAS NEVER SEEN OR  
HEARD FROM AGAIN.

AT LEAST THAT'S  
***THE STORY...***

IN REALITY, HOWEVER, THE TWO BANK ROBBERS  
LET THE GIRL GO A FEW MILES DOWN THE ROAD.

NOW IT JUST SO HAPPENED,  
THAT THE VERY NEXT DAY  
WAS THE GIRL'S WEDDING  
DAY, WHICH WAS TAKING  
PLACE *IN THE NEXT  
TOWN OVER.*



SO SHE **SEEMED** TO "DISAPPEAR,"



WHEN ACTUALLY, SHE  
RETURNED A WEEK LATER, BUT WITH  
**A NEW NAME**, LEADING THE  
MISINFORMED NEWSPAPERS TO PRINT  
THE MYSTERIOUS AND **ERRONEOUS**  
STORY THAT SHE'D VANISHED.

AFTER SHE RETURNED FROM THE HONEYMOON AND SAW THE PAPERS, SHE WENT AND CORRECTED THE MISTAKE AND THE PAPER PRINTED A RETRACTION.



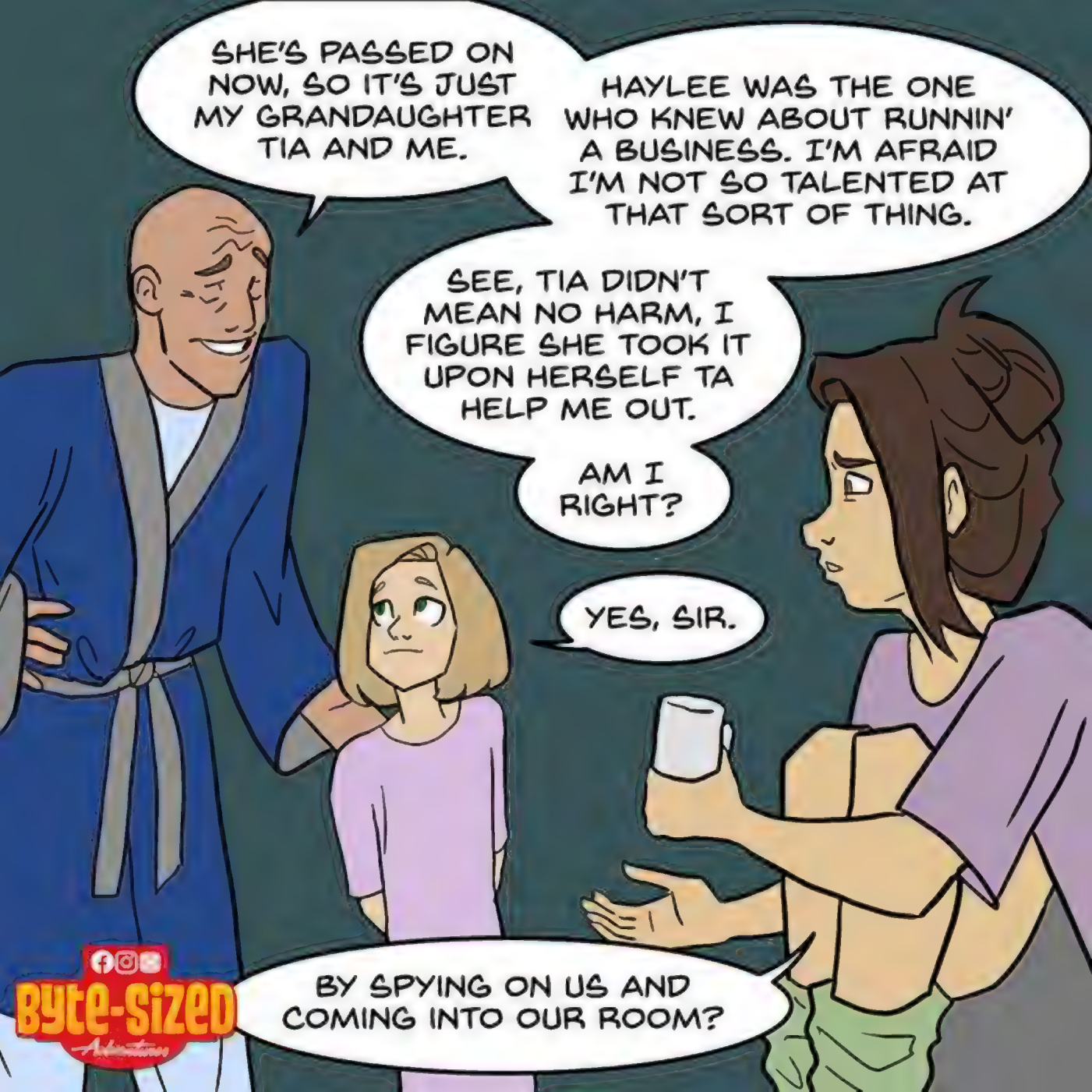
SHE ONLY COLLECTED THE FALSE HEADLINE HOWEVER, BECAUSE SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A FUNNY AND EXCITING STORY.



SHE AND HER HUSBAND WENT ON TO OPEN A HOTEL THAT WAS A HOT SPOT IN ITS HEYDAY, BUT HAS FALLEN INTO OBSCURITY AND DISREPAIR IN MODERN TIMES.



IF YOU HAVEN'T GUESSED IT, THAT GIRL WAS **MY WIFE**. WHICH IS WHY I HAVE HER PORTRAIT AND WEDDING RING.



SHE'S PASSED ON  
NOW, SO IT'S JUST  
MY GRANDDAUGHTER  
TIA AND ME.

HAYLEE WAS THE ONE  
WHO KNEW ABOUT RUNNIN'  
A BUSINESS. I'M AFRAID  
I'M NOT SO TALENTED AT  
THAT SORT OF THING.

SEE, TIA DIDN'T  
MEAN NO HARM, I  
FIGURE SHE TOOK IT  
UPON HERSELF TA  
HELP ME OUT.

AM I  
RIGHT?

YES, SIR.

BY SPYING ON US AND  
COMING INTO OUR ROOM?



I-- I  
USED THE OLD  
SERVANTS  
PASSAGES.

I WANTED  
TO MAKE SURE  
OUR GUESTS WERE  
HAPPY...

YOU KNOW, HAVE  
THINGS APPEAR IN  
THEIR ROOMS BEFORE  
THEY EVEN ASK  
FOR IT...

THEY'D THINK  
IT WAS NEAT,  
AND TELL THEIR  
FRIENDS...

AND  
MAYBE WE'D  
GET MORE  
BUSINESS.

IT'S A  
**THOUGHTFUL**  
NOTION, TIA.  
BUT...

BUT YOU  
DIDN'T TELL  
**ME** ABOUT  
IT,

**AND** YOU  
SNUCK OUTTA  
OUR APARTMENT  
WITHOUT  
PERMISSION.

AND THEN...  
YOU SNUCK INTO  
OUR **PRIVATE**  
ROOMS.

AND YOU  
**SCARED US!**  
DON'T FORGET  
THAT!



AM I  
GONNA GO  
TO JAIL?

NO, NO...  
OF COURSE  
NOT.

FOR **ALL**  
OF US.

LET'S JUST  
TAKE THIS AS  
A LEARNING  
EXPERIENCE.

EVERYONE'S  
IMAGINATIONS GOT  
A LITTLE TOO  
CARRIED AWAY  
TONIGHT.

YEAH,  
CARRIED AWAY INTO OUR  
**ROOMS** WHILE WE  
SLEPT.

OH, AND WHAT  
ABOUT LETTING  
SCARY MOVIES  
INFLUENCE YOUR  
THINKING?

AND JUMPING TO  
CONCLUSIONS WITHOUT  
ALL THE FACTS,  
EH, JULES?


AYE, AND I LET MY  
FEAR AND SUSPICION  
GET THE BEST O' ME.

AND I SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN A LITTLE MORE  
ASSERTIVE IN KEEPING  
EVERYONE CALM.

AND *YOU*, WHIT?

WHAT DID  
*WHIT* DO?





YOU NEED  
TO CHECK THE  
ENGINE BEFORE  
LONG CAR  
TRIPS.

YOU **GOT**  
ME THERE.

## Hotel Who Done It – Prose Version

On a secluded highway on a dark and stormy night, Whit, accompanied by Connie, Jules, and Renee, navigates his car back to Odyssey from a distant location. The rain pours relentlessly, as Whit remarks with a whistle, acknowledging the intensity of the storm.

"It's really coming down, isn't it!" He says.

Inside Whit's Car, all the passengers are visible. Renee smirks at Whit's joke.

"I'm glad the weather held off while we were at Cedar Point," Jules says.

"Aye, 2 full days of sunshine. Couldn't have ridden any of the rollercoasters in a storm," Renee responds.

"Thanks again for taking us, Whit," Connie expresses her gratitude.

"It's the least I could do for my favorite employees," Whit chuckles.

"We're your only employees," Renee points out with a playful tone.

Suddenly, the car's engine starts to smoke!

"Uh oh! That doesn't look good!" Connie says

The smoking car veers off from the highway onto a side road. "I'd better turn off here..." says Whit. A few miles down the deserted road, as lightning flashes, they discover themselves on the grounds of an old hotel, a once-grand establishment now weathered by time and neglect.

"Spooky..." says Jules.

The rain outside has escalated into a heavy downpour.

"Hmmm... no service. Any of you have reception?" Whit asks.

"Nope," the girls reply.

"Well, I don't have any tools with me, and we can't sit here all night. They should have a phone inside," Whit suggests.

The girls are hesitant to enter the building, particularly Jules, who seems a bit apprehensive compared to the others.

"Um... Mr. Whittaker, this place is kinda givin' me the creeps," Jules voices her unease.

"It's... just the weather. Makes everything seem scarier than it is," Renee reassured, attempting to alleviate the tension.

"Well, you can wait here for me if you want," Whit offers, providing Jules with an option.

Entering the lobby, the four of them wring themselves out, soaked from the rain.

"Ugh. Twenty feet from the car to the porch and I'm soaked!" Connie complains.

"Same," Renee agrees.

"I'm telling you guys, I've seen a bunch of scary movies that start out just like this," Jules remarks.

"Sorry, we don't have movies here..." A mysterious voice says from down the hall.

"Or televisions for that matter. It's an old hotel, but I assure you we have every other consideration for your comfort," Mr. Havisham says, stepping closer to the group, his smile appearing a little too exuberant, which comes across as slightly creepy.

The girls whisper to each other in the foreground while Whit and the concierge talk in the background.

"Creepy butler! This is a movie!" Jules whispers to the others.

"He's the concierge, Jules. But..." Connie whispers back,

"But yeah... I've seen more pleasant smiles on skeletons..." Renee adds quietly, expressing her discomfort.

Whit addresses Mr. Havisham. "Hello. I wonder if we could use your phone. Our car's broken down and we don't have cell reception,"

"But of course. The telephone is right this way..." Mr. Havisham responds, a little too courteously.

Minutes later, Whit hangs up the old fashioned phone and sighs, expressing his apology to the girls.

"I'm sorry, girls. They can't send someone out until the morning because of the storm. Looks like we'll need to stay the night," he informs them.



"Splendid. I can check you in right over here," Mr. Havisham responds, his tone seemingly overly enthusiastic.

"Yeah... splendid..." Jules mutters, her tone reflecting a hint of sarcasm or skepticism. Whit and his crew are escorted to their rooms by the concierge. As they navigate through the dimly lit halls, Renee's attention is drawn to a large, unsettling painting of a young woman. Amidst the eerie atmosphere, the concierge maintains his unsettling demeanor, adding to the sense of unease among the women.

"Right this way." Mr. Havisham says, leading the way and addressing the guests. "I've set you up in two of our finest rooms. It's been quite a while since we've had guests. But we keep the rooms fresh and clean. You know... just in case..."

They finally arrive at their designated rooms. Whit occupies one room, while across the hall, the three girls share another.

"Thank you again for your hospitality," Whit expresses his gratitude. "Yeah, uh, thanks," Connie responds, somewhat awkwardly.

"My absolute pleasure." Mr. Havisham assures them. "We hope you have a pleasant night's slumber,"

In their room, the girls begin to settle in for the night. They all have changed into their pajamas, preparing for bed.

"You guys seriously think you'll be able to sleep in this place?" Jules questions the group.

"That remains to be seen," Renee responds, uncertain.

"Come on guys, it's just an old hotel. We'll be totally... fine..." Connie tries to reassure them, but her confidence wavers.

While they're getting ready, Connie becomes distracted by something she sees in the small storage closet.

"What is it?" Jules asks, noticing something.

Connie comes across a framed newspaper in the room. The newspaper recounts the details of a bank robbery and a hostage situation.

"Well, that's a weird choice for wall art," Jules remarks.

"This is a local paper. It must've happened around here," Connie observes.

"Why would they frame an article about a bank robbery?" Renee questions.

"Bank robbing duo terrorizes area. Young woman disappears after being taken hostage in robbery gone wrong," Connie reads aloud from the framed newspaper article.

"Is it just me or does the mugshot of that bank robber look like a young version of..." Jules begins, trailing off.

Connie questions, "You think the Concierge is the bank robber?"

Jules excitedly interjects, "See! You knew what I was gonna say! You think so too!"

Connie denies, "I didn't say that!"

Renee adds, "But look at the photo of the girl who went missing..."

Connie inquires, "What about it?"

Renee explains, "She looks just like the girl in a painting I saw down the hall..."

Jules expresses, "Okay guys, I've got goosebumps the size of marbles."

Connie ponders, "So you think the concierge downstairs is a former bank robber who made the girl in the painting disappear?"

Renee points out, "He kept this newspaper for a reason, and that painting is the spittin' image of the girl from the article."

Jules suggests, "Guys, what if this is where he like... held her captive?"

Connie cautions, "Both of you are jumping to way too many conclusions."

"Creak..." a sound resonates through the room seemingly coming from nowhere, causing all of them to spin their heads around to look behind them. Despite their quick reactions, there is nothing to be seen.

In mere moments, the three girls stand in Whit's doorway, each of them urgently explaining the situation to him. Whit, dressed in a robe and pajamas, listens intently to their words, his expression

"AH!!!" Connie screams in surprise at the sudden knocking on the door.



"Connie? It's Whit! I heard screams, are you three alright?" Whit's voice comes from behind the door.

Seconds later, Whit is now in the room looking at the mirror and cookies.

"It looks like something strange is going on here. I have the same things in my room," Whit observes.

"This is beyond strange, Mr. Whittaker— this is straight up evil haunted house stuff," Jules remarks, her tone filled with unease.

"I doubt the forces of evil are in the habit of leaving cookies behind," Whit counters, injecting a touch of logic and levity into the situation.

"That still doesn't explain how the cookies got there!" Jules insists.

Whit acknowledges her point. "No... it doesn't."

Jules furrows her brow, troubled. "I barricaded the door! There's no way anyone could've gotten in!"

Renee chimes in, adding to the discussion. "Plus, I think there's only the one employee..."

Jules nods in agreement. "You mean the former bank robber?"

Whit interjects, cautious. "You don't know that."

Connie questions, "Was the Barricade still in the same spot when you let Whit in?"

Renee ponders, "Are you suggesting they moved the barricade?"

Jules interjects, "What about the deadbolt?"

Renee offers an observation, "I wouldn't think a man his age could force open a deadbolted door..."

Whit clears his throat, prompting attention.

Renee continues sheepishly, "...though I wouldn't want to assume."

Whit proposes, "There's a simple solution to this."

Jules eagerly asks, "What's that?"

"We go downstairs right now, and ask him about it," Whit suggests decisively.

In the dimly lit lobby of the hotel, the front desk sits unmanned.

"There's no one here..." Connie observes, scanning the deserted lobby.

Renee remarks, "Typically a concierge stays up all night and mans the desk..."

Whit reflects, "Hmmm, well if it is just him running the establishment, he may have gone to sleep.

We frail old men need our rest, you know."

"Sorry" Renee apologizes, recognizing Whit's humorous jab.

"Alright girls, I can't explain the cookies or writing in our rooms, but it's the middle of the night and we have nowhere to go. Let's all head back upstairs," Whit suggests, addressing the group.

"But—" Jules starts to protest.

"I'll be more than happy to leave my door open and keep watch if you like," Whit offers as a reassurance.

"That's okay, Mr. Whittaker. We'll be alright," Renee assures him, declining his offer.

"We will!?" Jules questions.

"We will," Renee confirms, projecting confidence.

In their hotel room, Jules voices her unease. "I am way too creeped out to go to sleep! This is just like a horror movie. We're gonna wake up with no big toes.

"Renee shares her resolve, "I'm not even planning to sleep."

Connie questions, surprised, "You're staying up? I thought you said we'd be fine."

"We will be, because I'm going to figure out what's going on," Renee asserts confidently.

"Now we're making sense!" Jules exclaims, relieved to have a plan in place.

In their discussion, Connie nervously suggests, "I really think we should stay in our room. Together. All three of us."

Jules offers, "If you don't want to be alone, Connie, just come with us."

"What do you guys think you're going to find anyway?" Connie questions skeptically.

"An explanation," Renee asserts confidently.

"Yeah! Of exactly how and why the ghost of that hostage girl is back for revenge on her bank-robbing kidnapper," Jules adds with dramatic flair.

"A ghost, Jules? Really?" Connie responds, doubtful.

"Do you have a better explanation?" Jules challenges.

Renee suggests decisively, "I say we go find that better explanation."

In the dimly lit, deserted hotel lobby, Renee illuminates their path with her phone flashlight while Jules hops behind the front desk counter.

"Okay, let's see what this guy's up to!" Jules declares, her curiosity piqued.

"Jules! Get out from behind the counter!" Connie admonishes, concerned about breaking rules.

"I'm with Connie. We can find an answer without breaking the law," Renee agrees, urging caution.

"What law? There's no sign saying not to come back here, and I'm not opening the cash register,"

Jules counters, defending her actions.

"There might be confidential documents or something back there," Connie suggests, expressing her worry about potential consequences.

Excitedly, Jules removes the painting from the wall behind the counter, revealing a safe hidden behind it.

"Guys, check it out!" Jules exclaims, gesturing towards the safe.

"The ol' safe behind a painting trick. Classic," Renee remarks with a hint of amusement.

"Whit's got one of these in his office," Connie adds.

"If I was hiding something valuable, (like evidence of my crimes!) I'd put it in here," Jules speculates, considering the possibilities.

"Well, I'm pretty sure breaking into a safe is, in fact, illegal. So I'll say it again, get out from behind the counter," Connie insists, emphasizing the importance of following the law.

As Jules explores, she finds that the safe has been left open. "Ah, but is it 'breaking in' if it's already open?" Jules questions, contemplating the situation.

"It's not your safe!" Connie exclaims, concerned about Jules' actions.

"I'm not taking anything, I'm just looking!" Jules defends herself, trying to justify her curiosity.

"Jules, get away from that safe right—" Connie starts to say, her voice filled with urgency.

Jules opens the safe, revealing documents, a small sum of money, and a diamond engagement ring.

Jules leans in, her head nearly filling the frame as she gazes into the safe. Renee stands nearby, trying to catch a glimpse.

"Is that a ring?" Jules asks, her curiosity piqued.

Peering into the safe with her phone light, Renee illuminates the contents, while all three of them appear visibly spooked.

"It's engraved with the same name as the girl who disappeared!" Renee exclaims, pointing out a detail that adds to their unease.

"Okay... that's a little..." Connie begins, searching for words to articulate her feelings.

"Freaky is what it is!" Jules interjects, expressing her fear.

"Okay, yeah I admit it, that's the right word," Connie agrees reluctantly, acknowledging the unsettling nature of the discovery.

"Yes, yes, yes. I think it's time to go," Renee concurs, suggesting they leave the area.

As they move away from the desk and through the lobby, Jules voices her urgent concern.

"We need to wake up Mr. Whittaker and call the cops! The concierge is a bank robber and hostage taker!" Jules exclaims, her anxiety evident.

"We don't have enough evidence to trouble the police or Whit," Renee counters, trying to maintain a level-headed approach.

"What are you talking about!?" Jules responds, incredulous at Renee's reluctance.

"Renee's right. Everything we found is strange, but none of it proves anything. And I want solid proof before I have to admit to Whit that I just stood there while you opened someone else's safe," Connie explains, echoing Renee's sentiment.

A noise interrupts their conversation, seemingly originating from nowhere. All three of them swiftly turn their heads to look behind them, but find nothing there.

"It's that same noise again!" Renee exclaims, recognizing the sound.

"It came from over there!" Connie points out, trying to locate the source of the noise.



The three of them inspect a lobby wall closely.

"Didn't it sound like it was coming from this wall?" Renee questions, her attention focused on the wall.

"Yeah, from inside it!" Jules confirms, agreeing with Renee's observation.

"Okay, that's enough, let's head back—" Connie suggests, starting to turn away.

"Look, a loose panel!" Renee interrupts excitedly, pointing out the discovery.

As the secret wall panel slides open, it reveals a servant's staircase hidden behind it.

"A secret passage!" Renee exclaims with excitement, intrigued by the discovery.

"A dark one..." Jules remarks nervously, her apprehension evident.

"Whit has one of these too..." Connie adds.

"We're going in," Renee declares with determination, ready to explore the hidden passage.

Navigating through the dim secret passage, Renee observes, "It looks like there's a door up ahead,"

"It's our room!" Connie exclaims opening the door.

Jules concludes, "So someone did sneak into our room!"

"Right. Someone. Not a ghost," Renee confirms, dismissing the supernatural explanation.

"That is not okay!" Connie interjects, expressing her concern.

"But why would someone sneak into our room to leave cookies?" Renee wonders aloud.

"Is this that concierge's weird idea of hospitality?" Jules suggests.

"There's no way someone in their right mind would think it's okay to sneak into a guest's room while they slept!" Connie asserts.

"Perhaps he's not in his right mind?" Renee proposes.

"And none of this explains the newspaper, the painting, or the ring, which all point to that girl from the bank robbery hostage thing!" Jules adds.

They hear the same noise again, this time coming from behind them inside the secret passage.

Reacting quickly, Renee grabs her curling iron, ready to defend herself if necessary.

"AAAHH!" Jules screams in surprise.

"It's that noise again!" Connie exclaims.

"But this time we know where it's comin' from! Come on!" Renee urges, determined to confront whatever is causing the disturbance.

As they navigate through the secret passages, they chase after a small, unidentified figure, their footsteps echoing in the confined space.

"There's somethin' movin' up ahead! Keep going!" Renee encourages, urging them to continue the pursuit.

"There's definitely something running from us!" Connie confirms.

"A dead end!" Renee announces..

"Could we not use the 'D' word?" Jules quips nervously, trying to lighten the tense atmosphere.

"Alright whoever you are, there's nowhere else to run," Connie declares firmly, addressing the unseen figure.

"I have a curling iron and I'm not afraid to use it," Renee adds, brandishing her makeshift weapon.

"You better have a good explanation for sneaking around in the walls" Connie begins, But is caught by surprise when they finally realize who the mysterious figure is—

"It's— it's a little girl!" Jules exclaims!

"Alright, little lassie, just what are you up to back here?" Renee questions, her tone firm.

"Yeah, are you the one who went in our room?" Jules adds, her voice tinged with suspicion.

"I— I—" the girl stammers, seemingly caught off guard by their inquiries.

"Guys, you're scaring her. What's your name?" Connie intervenes, trying to ease the tension.

"Her name's Tia—" a voice interrupts from behind them.

Stepping out from the shadows behind them are Whit and the Concierge. They intervene to defuse the tension, and the concierge offers to provide an explanation.

"He's my granddaughter," the Concierge reveals.

"Granddaughter?" Jules repeats, surprised by the revelation.

"What exactly is going on here?" Renee questions.

Within moments, everyone settles in the drawing room, with hot chocolate served and eager to hear the explanation.

"Yeah, what is going on? Why was this kid sneaking around in the walls? Why do you have clippings about a bank robbery—" Jules begins, bombarding the concierge with questions.

"—and pictures of that same hostage in the walls—" Renee adds, pointing out another perplexing detail.

"And her ring in your safe?" Jules finishes, voicing her confusion.

"Ahem. In his safe? And you got into it... how?" Whit interjects.

"Heh heh... I can explain..." Jules responds sheepishly.

"First, why don't I explain..." the Concierge suggests, taking control of the conversation.

"When I was a young man, two bank robbers terrorized the area. They were like our own local Bonnie and Clyde. One day, one of their robberies went wrong, and they took a young woman hostage, and like you've probably read, she was never seen or heard from again. At least that's the story.

In a flashback, two bank robbers seize a young woman, the same one depicted in the earlier painting, as they escape from a bank robbery.

On a country road, the girl walks towards the camera, brushing dust off her sleeves. In the background, the bank robbers drive away into the distance.

"In reality, however," the concierge continues, "the two bank robbers let the girl go a few miles down the road. Now it just so happened, that the very next day was the girl's wedding day, which was taking place in the next town over."

Continuing in the flashback, the new husband, carries the young woman from their motorcar toward the threshold of their new house.

"So she seemed to 'disappear', but then returned a week later with a new name, leading the misinformed newspapers to print the mysterious and exaggerated story that she'd vanished," the Concierge narrates.

Continuing in the flashback, at the newspaper office, she holds up the headline and she and the editor share a good-natured laugh.

The Concierge narrates. "After she returned from her honeymoon and saw the papers, she went and corrected the mistake and the paper printed a retraction. She only collected the false headline however, because she thought it was a funny and exciting story,"

Continuing in the flashback, the hotel they're currently staying in is depicted, only now it's new and bustling with guests.

"She and her husband went on to open a hotel that was a hot spot in its heyday, but has fallen into obscurity and disrepair in modern times. If you haven't guessed it, that girl was my wife. Which is why I have her portrait and wedding ring," the Concierge narrates, revealing the connection between the girl in the story and himself.

"She's passed on now, so it's just my granddaughter Tia and me. Haylee was the one who knew about running a business. I'm afraid I'm not so talented at that sort of thing. See, Tia didn't mean no harm, I figure she took it upon herself to help me out. Am I right?" the Concierge explains, sharing insights into their family dynamic.

"Yes, sir," Tia confirms, acknowledging her grandfather's explanation.

"By spying on us and coming into our room?" Jules questions, seeking clarification.

"I— I used the old servants' passages." Tia continues, "I wanted to make sure our guests were happy... you know, have things appear in their rooms before they even ask for it... they'd think it was neat, and tell their friends... and maybe we'd get more business."

"It's a thoughtful notion, Tia. But..." Whit begins, acknowledging Tia's intentions.

"First off, you didn't tell me about it, and you snuck outta our apartment without permission," her grandfather points out.

"And then you snuck into our private rooms," Connie adds.

"And you scared us! Don't forget that!" Jules chimes in.



"Am I gonna go to jail?" Tia asks anxiously, her voice tinged with worry.

"No, no... of course not," Whit reassures her, trying to calm her fears.

"Let's just take this as a learning experience," the Concierge suggests, aiming to provide some perspective on the situation.

"For all of us. Everyone's imaginations got a little too carried away tonight," Whit acknowledges, recognizing the collective overreaction.

"Yeah, carried away into our rooms while we slept," Jules retorts, still unsettled by the events.

"Oh, and what about letting scary movies influence your thinking? And jumping to conclusions without all the facts, eh, Jules?" Whit adds.

"Aye, and I let my fear and suspicion get the best of me," Renee admits, reflecting on her actions.

"And I should have been a little more assertive in keeping everyone calm," Connie acknowledges, recognizing her own role in the situation.

"And you, Whit?" Jules inquires, curious about Whit's perspective.

"What did Whit do?" Connie questions.

"You need to check the engine before long car trips," Jules remarks, a playful tease directed at Whit. Laughter fills the room as the tension eases.

"You got me there," Whit concedes with a good-natured chuckle.

The End.